

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

Motorcycles that weigh less than a hundred pounds have been invented in England for women.

DON'T SNIFFLE!

You can rid yourself of that cold in the head by taking Laxative Quinine Tablets. Price 25c. Also used in cases of La Grippe and for severe headaches. Remember that.—Adv.

When a man smokes cigarettes and wears passionate socks—but why say it; no man ever does.

FOR HAIR AND SKIN HEALTH

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Are Supreme. Trial Free.

These fragrant, super-creamy emollients keep the skin fresh and clear, the scalp free from dandruff, crusts and scales and the hands soft and white. They are splendid for nursery and toilet purposes and are most economical because most effective.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

As Johnnie Heard It.

Little Johnnie had been accustomed to go to sleep during every sermon, despite the scoldings of his mother.

One Sunday morning she sent him off to church and intimated to him that if he went to sleep they would go into executive session in the woodshed on his arrival from church.

As a test of his being away she required that he tell her the preacher's text when he went home.

Johnnie's natural propensity to sleep was offset by his fear as to what might happen in the woodshed, so he stayed awake.

He came back conscious of the fact that he was on the safe side, and when his mother asked him what the text was he unblushingly accused the preacher of the following text: "Moses was an oyster man and made ointment for the shins of his people."

The real text was: "Moses was an austere man and made atonement for the sins of his people."

Then He Left.

He was telling about all the things he owned, his prize bulldog, his bungalow, his touring car.

"But you don't seem interested," he complained.

"Yes, I am," responded the other chap, "but I'm rather occupied today. Tell you what. You just mail me a statement of your assets and I'll read it with all the admiration and awe you could possibly desire."

THE FIRST TASTE

Learned to Drink Coffee When a Boy.

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving them coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. And so I contracted the coffee habit early.

"I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.

"At night, after having had coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum.

"I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled, 15c and 25c packages.

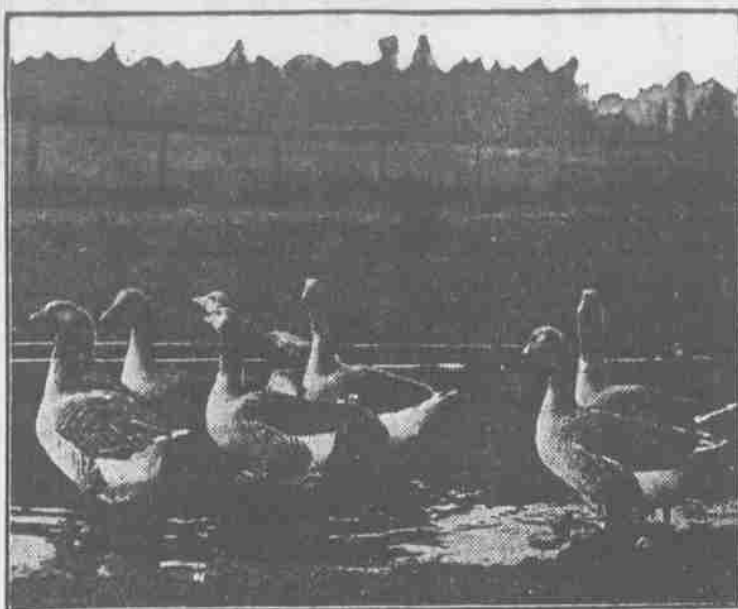
Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 50c and 50c tins.

Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

GOOSE RAISING IS PROFITABLE PURSUIT



Flock of Toulouse Geese—Best Breed for Average Farmer.

The value of these geese has diminished during the last decade. Notwithstanding this fact, goose raising remains a profitable pursuit, provided the conditions are suitable.

Only two breeds are bred to any extent in this country, the Toulouse and the Emden. Since these combine all the requisite economic characteristics it is unnecessary to go further afield. The Toulouse is the largest of these two varieties; in fact, it is the largest breed there is, but it is rather a slow grower. At a time when the Emden, the more rapidly maturing variety, is fit for killing, the Toulouse is tall and lanky and quite unfit for marketing. The Emden, therefore, is the breed for the early trade, while the Toulouse is used almost exclusively for supplying the Christmas markets.

Gooslings are the easiest of all kinds of poultry to rear and the percentage of deaths among the young stock, provided they are reasonably well looked after, is extremely low. They are so hardy they seem able to thrive anywhere, and they can withstand treatment which would be fatal to other kinds of fowls. At the same

time they respond very readily to good treatment. The fact that gooslings are so hardy is often made an excuse for neglecting them, and this results in slow growth, stunted development and unsound constitution. Very little brooding is necessary and gooslings can dispense with the hen when they are a week or ten days old. When they are this age they should be placed in flocks of a dozen or fifteen and accommodated in a small dry shed.

It is extremely important that they should not sleep on a wooden floor, which tends to produce leg weakness. The earth itself makes the best kind of floor it is possible to have. In rearing gooslings the fact should never be forgotten that the youngsters must be liberally provided with green food. If possible they should have access to a good meadow, but if the herbage is insufficient they must be supplied generously with cabbage leaves, onions, the outer leaves of lettuce or other garden produce, green food being essential to their health and vigor. As soon as the grain is harvested allow the gooslings to run over the stubble.

MOST EFFECTIVE DUST BATH

Finely Screened Coal Ashes Suffocate Vermin in Fowl's Feathers—Other Advantages.

Finely screened coal ashes make the most effective sort of a dust bath for the fowls. The fine dust penetrates the fowls' feathers, and, coming in contact with lice serves to stop the breathing passages of these parasites, causing them to suffocate and die. Wood ashes are even better for this purpose, because the particles of dust are finer; but here again the lime is objectionable, since it tends to take the gloss off the plumage.

Coal ashes should be used freely on the floors of poultry buildings, for they will penetrate cracks and crevices, and will assist in destroying mites and other vermin, in dissipating noxious odors and in improving conditions generally. Still another advantage: Large quantities of the cinders will be eaten by the birds as grit, and will contribute some of the mineral nutrients. Small bits of coal will be eaten also, and will be digested.

Dust removed from a road during dry weather, which is only an annoyance to travelers, will be found beneficial in the dust boxes. Every poultry farm should have a supply on hand for winter use; for, unless dirt floors are used, these artificial means of supplying the fowls' toilet requisites must be provided. A dust bath is quite essential to the well-being of poultry as is the regular soap-and-water variety to the human.

KEEP POULTRY HOUSE CLEAN

Fatal Disease, Commonly Called "Lungers," Can Be Prevented by Attention to Quarters.

Many deaths among poultry, particularly among chicks, come from moldy feed and moldy litter in poultry houses. The mold when eaten by the fowls causes a fatal disease commonly called "lungers." The fowl stands in a drowsy manner and eats but little. The wings droop, breathing is quickened, and a white diarrhea is present. Death is caused directly by soft, yellow growths that clog the air passages of the lungs.

There is no positive cure for the ailment, but since it is caused by moldy feed and litter, it can be entirely prevented by keeping poultry under sanitary conditions. This is only one of the many troubles arising from unclean conditions. Include the chickenhouse in the spring cleaning and avoid them all.

Way to Carry Fowl.

The old method of carrying fowls by the feet, heads down, is a cruel practice, and very seldom seen on a practical farm nowadays. The proper way is to allow the bird's body to rest on the arm, holding the feet firmly with the hand.

Grain Feed at Night.

This is the season when a good grain feed at night is worth while, and more corn can be used to advantage now than at any other season. It's wonderful how a full crop at night helps to carry the fowl in comfort, defeats a freezing temperature.

MEANING OF POULTRY TERMS

Pullet Is Female Under One Year Old—After Attaining Full Maturity She Is Termed a Hen.

There seems to be a somewhat hazy notion among amateurs as to the exact meaning of the terms used to designate young and old stock. A pullet, strictly speaking, is a female under one year old. After she has attained her full maturity she is a hen, but in the trade we speak of a fowl as a pullet until she has completed her first year's laying. Therefore, it is correct to speak of her as a pullet until she is eighteen months old, or has begun her first molt, says Farmer's Guide.

A cockerel is a male bird under one year old, but he is usually spoken of as a cockerel until he has at least entered well upon his first year as a breeding cockerel.

Cocks are older males, usually having passed through one season's breeding. If you order cockerels for breeding purposes, you will get birds that have been used for breeding. When ordering pullets you will get females that are under eighteen months old, at the most.

A cockerel should never be used to breed from before he is a year old. A pullet, if she begins to lay at six months, may be bred at nine months of age.

BUTTERMILK GOOD FOR HENS

Acts as General Aid to Digestion and Develops Vigor and Vitality to a Marked Degree.

Perhaps no feeds are so general and yet put to such actual use on the average farm as buttermilk or skim milk. Both are about the same in feeding value, particularly after the latter has become sour. The full value of buttermilk or skim milk does not lie so much in its food value as in its effect on other foods and general aid to digestion. Buttermilk also develops vigor and vitality to a marked degree as well as promoting unusual growth at the same time.

Milk, added to the ration, increases the consumption of other foods and experiments have shown the greatest increase or gain with chickens was made when most skim milk was being fed.

Buttermilk is also very valuable for laying hens, having a very high feeding value, particularly during the winter months. Either may be fed in mash mixtures or in a drinking fountain.

Dust Bath Is Essential.

Remember that the dust bath is essential to the healthfulness of fowls, especially of the chicken kind; hence facilities for a dust bath should always be provided. A liberal supply of ashes in the bath makes it better, and if lice or mites are feared, pulverized sulphur may be mixed in it to great advantage.

Prevent Egg-Eating Habit.

The egg-eating habit is usually prevented by the use of trap nests. Practically, the hen is a machine for making eggs and flesh from raw material.

THE FLUID SOUL

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

Dan Nevens, roofing a one-story garage, uttered a string of very reprehensible words as his pile of asbestos shingles, swept by his careless elbow, went sliding down the slant! His fellow workman, a novice at the task, Ned Walworth, put out his foot and halted the moving mass and restored it to its rack.

Still Nevens continued to rave out his rage perversely. A bland-faced, kindly-eyed old man, standing below watching the work in process, moved nearer. He was the owner of the garage and the beautiful mansion and gardens in the front of it.

"My friend," he said quietly, "I see you have not the fluid soul."

"Whatcha mean?" growled Nevens savagely.

"Just this: your soul is solid, won't do. I have discovered a new theory. I call it the 'fluid soul.' Why? Because such a spirit is ready to diffuse. 'Give out!' is the cry of creation—but give out good. What? Smiles, blessings, kind words, sunshine. Give out, expand. Understand?"

"I don't!" muttered Nevens stubbornly.

"Your soul is petrified, shut in, each day it narrows until some of these days when you can't feel love, friendship, humanity, you'll regret—soul a fossil, not liquid."

"Is his soul liquid?" challenged Dan, nudging his elbow contemptuously towards Ned Walworth, his companion in labor.

"It is," announced Mr. Roscoe blandly, his eyes shining commendatory and benevolent. "He's in some kind



"You Are in Pain, in Trouble."

of trouble, my prescience tells me, he's a blundering workman, as if unused to his work, but his soul is liquid. Thus: I heard him whistle cheerily yesterday and four robins fled up on the roof and piped to him. He don't swear—"

"He'd ought to now! Thunder! man, you've done it!" abruptly shouted Nevens.

The young man had uttered a sharp cry. Then he held up a hand reeking with blood. In trying to assist his fellow workman he had swept his hand across the keen-bladed knife used to trim the angled edges.

"You'll do no more roof work for a time, I'm thinking!" was the comment of Dan Nevens. "Here, give us help," he added to their employer—"the man's fainting."

Ned was pale, experiencing excruciating pain and he swayed under the shock of his injury.

"No! no!" he said, but weakly motioning Dan aside. "I'll be all right in a minute," and descended to the ground.

"Let me look," spoke Mr. Roscoe, and he glanced at the bleeding hand. "You've split one finger to the bone. Now, then, wrap it up. You had better get home and have your folks attend to you."

"I have no home," replied Ned, and he flushed slightly. "I mean I have no friends in the place. I am a stranger here and room at one place and take my meals at another."

"So?" murmured Mr. Roscoe sympathizingly. "Well, I'm not a novice as a surgeon. Come up to the house and I'll fix you up double-quick."

He wrapped his fine cambric handkerchief about the wounded hand and took Ned's arm, as if to support him, leading the way towards the house. Half the distance accomplished, a servant came running up to him in a noticeable state of excitement.

"Oh, Mr. Roscoe!" he shouted, "the golden pheasants have got out and are running away!"

"Aha, that won't do!" cried the old man. "Here," to Ned, releasing his arm, "go right on to the house and tell my daughter Lois to attend to you. She's even better at this doctoring business than I am."

Ned had no thought of following these instructions. He passed on through the garden, however, to reach the street. As he neared the porch his eye fell upon a rare vision of airiness and beauty. A lovely girl sat looking over a book of engravings. She glanced up and then she rose up, as if some telepathic sense directed her. She stepped to the edge of the veranda.

"You are in pain, in trouble," she spoke in a low musical tone—"I can see it in your eyes."

"I have met with an accident in working on your father's garage," faltered Ned. He could not help but answer the probing, earnest eyes. "Mr. Roscoe asked me to have my hand cared for—"

She was down the steps in a flash. Her soft white hand clasped his arm. "You must come with me, you must be attended to at once."

As if a captive led in chains, for the life of him Ned Walworth could not resist her. It was all like a dream. Entering a room, she washed his wounded hand without a quiver of distaste, dressed it, all the time speaking in a tone like rare music, and finally led him into the library and to its most cozy chair.

"You must wait and rest—father will be sure to want to see you. I fear you are not much of a workman," she said, with a glance at his hands, soft and well-formed as those of a woman.

"I shall have to become one or starve!" he replied seriously. "I made a failure at literature and turned to real labor."

She nodded to him as she was called by someone to another part of the house. He was feeling comfortable now. A soothing, homelike feeling came over him. He picked up one of the numerous periodicals scattered over the table near at hand. A quick, gratified flush crossed his face. He read and reread an article surrounded by a heavy pencil mark. He looked up to find Miss Roscoe in the doorway, her deep, fathomless eyes fixed upon him.

"You are pleased at something," she said in her prescient way.

"I wrote that article," explained Ned somewhat proudly.

"Oh, did you, indeed?" she cried in a pleased way. "Father, you know, is financing a humanitarian magazine. He was especially taken with that article. What beautiful thoughts you must have!"

Ned felt like one in a dream when he went home. Mr. Roscoe had asked him to be sure to call the next day, indicating that he wished to talk with him about his literary proclivities.

But Ned Walworth did not see the Roscoes for many a long day after that. There was a false friend named Bardell, who had swindled him out of all his savings. The man, terribly ill, had sent for him. The "fluid soul" impetus imparted by Mr. Roscoe sent Ned to the stricken moneyless ingrate. He nursed him for two weeks, became ill himself, and recovered to find himself in a hospital with Mr. Roscoe his benefactor and daily visitor, and fully aware of the great sacrifice he had made.

Those days of convalescence when he was a welcome visitor to the Roscoe home! Oh, the renewed hope and ambition when he found that Mr. Roscoe was ready to offer him an editorial position on his pet publication!

And then Lois, loveliest of women! She seemed to read his innermost thoughts, and enchained him. And the fluid souls commingled, and love, love was the impetus that sent Ned and Lois out into the world hand in hand, to bring their fellow creatures a new propaganda of universal harmony!

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

Fastest Swimmers.

Few people have any idea of the rapid pace attained by some fish. The dolphin and porpoise are perhaps the swiftest of all. The latter fish has been seen to dart round and round a steamer proceeding at between seventeen and eighteen miles an hour. Probably a bonito (a fish of the mackerel family) at its best could move for some distance at 40 miles an hour. Salmon, too, and trout swim very fast, particularly when accomplishing their annual spawning migration upstream. Herrings, in shoals, move at a steady ten or twelve miles, but mackerel much faster. Whales, though not fish, can swim at a great speed. When excited they will dash along at as much as seventeen miles an hour, but ordinarily four or five miles an hour is their speed. Seals, again, are much more speedy, and certain eastern water snakes glide along at terrific velocities.

Explaining the Case.

At an English provincial court recently a workman was charged with violently assaulting one of his mates. The assault was not denied, but the evidence clearly proved that the defendant had received great provocation.

"I shall have to inflict a small fine," said the chairman, "though I think the complainant was very much to blame in the matter, and deserved all he got. His action was scarcely what one would expect from one Christian to another."

"But he isn't a Christian," protested the complainant.

"Indeed!" ejaculated the chairman, severely. "Then surely you cannot claim to be one?"

"No, sir; I don't," was the unexpected answer. "I'm a bricklayer, and so's he."

Was There With Repartee.

A country farmer was driving down a narrow lane on his way to visit a friend, when he espied an old woman in the middle of the road picking up some pieces of turf, which had evidently dropped from some wagon.

Pulling up his horse to prevent running over her, he said, rather sharply: "Women and donkeys are always in the way."

"Sure, sir," she said, stepping to one side. "I'm glad you've the manners to put yourself last."

DRINK HOT WATER BEFORE BREAKFAST

Says you really feel clean, sweet and fresh inside, and are seldom ill.

If you are accustomed to wake up with a coated tongue, foul breath or a dull, dizzy headache; or, if your meals sour and turn into gas acids, you have a real surprise in waiting you.

Tomorrow morning, immediately upon arising, drink a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is intended to neutralize and then wash out of your stomach, liver, kidneys and thirty feet of intestines all the indigestible waste, poisons, sour bile and toxins, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal.

Those subject to sick headaches, backache, bilious attacks, constipation or any form of stomach trouble, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from your druggist or at the store and begin enjoying this morning inside-bath. It is said that men and women who try this become enthusiastic and keep it up daily. It is a splendid health measure for it is more important to keep clean and pure on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing disease, while the bowel pores do.

The principle of bathing inside is not new, as millions of people practice it. Just as hot water and soap cleanse, purify and freshen the skin, so hot water and a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Limestone phosphate is an inexpensive white powder and almost tasteless.—Adv.

Nearly all the European monarchs are shorter in size than their wives.

Suffered Twenty-One Years— Finally Found Relief

Having suffered for twenty-one years with a pain in my side, I finally found relief in Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. Injections of morphine were my only relief for short periods of time. I became so sick that I had to undergo a surgical operation in New Orleans, which benefited me for two years. When the same pain came back one day I was so sick that I gave up hopes of living. A friend advised me to try your Swamp-Root and I once commenced using it. The first bottle did me so much good that I purchased two more bottles. I am now on my second bottle and am feeling like a new woman. I passed a gravel stone as large as a red bean and several small ones. I have not had the least feeling of pain since taking your Swamp-Root and I feel it my duty to recommend this great medicine to all suffering humanity.

Gratefully yours,

MRS. JOSEPH CONSTANCE, Rapides, Par.

Personally appeared before me, this 10th day of July, 1911, Mrs. Joseph Constance, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

WM. MORROW, Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You.

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Prince Joachim, youngest son of the German emperor, is a spendthrift.

ENDS DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, OR "Pape's Diapepsin" cures all sour stomachs in five minutes —Time It!

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn, sourness in five minutes—that's what makes Pape's Diapepsin the best selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments in your stomach, you belch gas, eructate sour, undigested food, acid; head is dizzy and aches; bowels foul; tongue coated; your insides full with bile and indigestible waste. Remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach, all such distress vanishes. It's astonishing—almost marvelous—the joy is its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction.

It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.—Adv.

Forty per cent of the people in United States attend church.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic

Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tonic is equally valuable as a general tonic because it contains the known tonic properties of QUININE, IRON, It acts on the Liver, Drives Malaria, Enriches the Blood, and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

The world is full of ill-humors.